

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

## Denominational Notes Chat by the Way.

## Synagogue Worship—The Proposed Chief Rabbinate.

## Pen Picture of Spurgeon—Religious Extravagances.

## PROGRAMME OF SERVICES.

The American Temperance Lyceum, at Clarendon Hall, this afternoon, will discuss the "Best Methods to Advance the Cause of Temperance." Mr. Daniel Wainwright will open the discussion.

The Rev. Samuel H. Smith will preach this morning and Professor George Colford this evening in Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church.

At Association Hall this morning the Rev. S. J. Knapp will preach before Stanton Street Baptist Church on "The Grass of the Field" and in the evening on "Spiritual Telegraphy."

At the Free Tabernacle Methodist Episcopal Church the Rev. William N. Scario will speak this morning of "Something that Must Be Done and How to Do It" and in the evening on "Bad Books and Good Books."

Preaching in Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church this morning and evening by the Rev. George Van Aalstene.

The Temperance service in Cooper Institute this evening will be conducted by Mr. C. W. Sawyer. Singing by Mr. Patcher and large choir.

The Rev. G. M. Peters will preach in Calvary Baptist Church this morning and evening.

At the Church of the Messiah the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., of Boston, will preach this morning.

At the Church of the Disciples of Christ the Rev. Joseph B. Cleaver will preach this morning on "Let Us Heed It" and in the evening "Is Precious."

The Rev. T. B. Smith will preach this morning and evening in Eighteenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Rev. W. H. Reid will preach in the First Reformed Episcopal Church this morning and evening.

"Great Privileges of the Active Christians" will be set forth this morning and "Christ's Appeal to Sinners" this evening in Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church by the Rev. A. C. Morehouse.

At the gospel tent Mr. Williams will speak to the children this morning. Mr. Armstrong will conduct a temperance meeting in the afternoon and Rev. George J. Miggins will preach in the evening.

The Rev. A. J. Hutton, of Cortland, N. Y., will preach in Madison Avenue Reformed Church this morning.

Dr. Deems will occupy the pulpit of the Church of the Strangers this morning and evening.

St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church will be reopened next Sunday for divine service as usual. It has been undergoing alterations and repairs.

At St. James' Methodist Episcopal Church, Harlem, the Rev. William Hammond will preach morning and evening.

The Rev. A. P. Lyon will preach this morning and evening in St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Rev. H. L. Gross, preacher, at the usual hours today in Trinity Baptist Church.

"The Problems of the Hour" will be discussed in Science Hall this evening by Mr. S. P. Putnam.

A prayer meeting in lieu of preaching will be held in West Twenty-third Street Presbyterian Church this evening.

William Walsh will relate his experience in Franklin Hall, South Brooklyn, this afternoon.

At Grace Chapel the Rev. A. B. Carter will officiate to-day as usual.

The Rev. E. Guilbert will preach at the usual hours to-day in the Church of the Holy Spirit.

## CHAT BY THE WAY.

If we were permitted to put our own valuation on ourselves there would not be a low priced man in the world.

It is a hard thing to say, and many an ardent temperantist may be tempted by it, but it is nevertheless true that it is more honorable to make a good pair of shoes than to write a poor poem. If this fact could be emphasized some people would drop the pen and take up the awl, and the world would be the better for the change.

You may put a mean soul, like a poor picture, in a rusty frame, and he is none the better for it; and you may put a great soul, like a good picture, into a common frame, and he is none the worse for it.

Holmes, like a good apple, is growing mellow as he ripens with the gathering years. There are few more beautiful lines than those in the language—

On life as trust, with holy men of old,  
Not all the story here begun is told.

On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read,  
By the pale glimmer of the torch revealed.

Not time, but the eternal, is the goal.

We have great respect, not only for the intellectual capacity, but also for the financial acumen of the man who told a family who applied for summer board that he would charge double price for the children, because he knew their capacity for destroying everything, but that he would average the board bill by taking the parents for nothing. That man was once himself a boy.

The application of this anecdote is not quite universal. He said, "Yes, she is an odd young lady; indeed, I think her extremely singular." And then he added, "She was never heard to speak ill of an absent friend."

It will do you harm if American boys read this little story two or three times. While a youth of this kind was playing with his fellows he can against the stand of a poor, dilapidated apple man and can very near tipping his treasures into the gutter. He instantly raises his hat and politely asked pardon for the affront. When asked by his mates why he lifted his hat to a poor old apple man he replied, "I didn't do it because the apple man was a gentleman, but rather because I am a gentleman." This sounds very like a fairy tale, and yet it may possibly have happened somewhere in the suburbs of a large city.

It is a great deal better to do a kindly deed to a man when he is living than to weep over him when he is dead.

Miseries come unbidden and always stay too long, white boys must be sought for and when found for aid to slip away unawares.

There is one problem which the most reckless mathematicians have been compelled to give up—namely, how many women it takes to keep a secret.

Human nature is so peculiarly constituted that the desire of every ten men who happen to pursue a medical book prepared for family use nine of them will suddenly discover that they have pretty nearly all the symptoms of pretty nearly all the fatal diseases which flesh is heir. If you want to keep well, put the medical treatise on the shelf, and then the alarming symptoms of the Oriental plague will quietly resolve themselves into an attack of common neuralgia. There is nothing more dangerous than to know too much about yourself.

A person who was disputing one day with Peter Pindar said, in hot temper, that he did not like to be thought a scoundrel. "I wish," was the reply, "that you had as great a dislike to being one."

It is said that a man is built of duplicate organs. He has two hemispheres in his brain, and two eyes, and the fact that he has only one mouth is nothing more than a scientific hint of good Mother Nature that he should not speak of all he goes.

It sometimes happens, moreover, that one of the duplicates may be out of order while the other performs its functions perfectly. One tube of the brain may be removed and the other will do the work of the two. A pigeon will live for months in spite of the fact that its entire brain had been removed, and this is not so difficult a task that certain men cannot imitate the pigeon's example. The memory also is a double organ, one of whose sides may be paralyzed while the other works to perfection. We know a person, for instance, who, when he lost money, remembered all the circum-

stances, the amount, and the time when it was due, with vivid accuracy, but who, when he borrowed money, found it utterly impossible to recall even the slightest circumstance connected with the event, and the most pungent dunning letters failed to remind him of the transaction. There are so many moral diseases extant in these hard times that we have drawn a pencil mark through that old hymn which our fathers perhaps had a right to sing, beginning, "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long," for the instrument seems to be entirely out of order. There is one prime satisfaction, however, which we enjoy and which our ancestors knew nothing about, and that is that since the "harp" has got out of tune nobody is responsible except that scapegoat of our modern days known as emotional insanity.

Here is a very serious question for our moralists:—If a man is as good as his word and his word is good for nothing how good is he?

The wit—that is, the born wit—strongly resembles a chemist, in that he always has a retort handy. An Irish gentleman happened to say, in company, that he never saw such a wind as that of the night previous. Thinking to badger him, some one said:—"You saw a wind, did you? I confess I never heard of seeing a wind before. Won't you kindly tell us what it was like?" "Like?" was the quick reply, "why, it was like to have blown my house down about my ears."

After all we cannot help liking those best who think as we do, and when we ask another's opinion we are apt to be offended unless his opinion agrees with our own. Mark Lemon has put this peculiarity into verse.

To determine beforehand, we gravely pretend:  
To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend;  
Should he differ from us on any pretence  
We pity him, and wish to change his sense;  
But if he fails to differ, we alter our plan,  
Why, really, we think him a sensible man.

Modesty is a somewhat rare virtue, and yet it is a dangerous thing to pretend to possess qualities or abilities which you never had. The advice which we would give to a youth has a meaning for more of us also. It was—"Young man, be advised by me; don't take down the shutters until there is something in the window."

Reckless is a word which will give a broader scope to this little anecdote and follow its advice respecting some of our own personal weaknesses. On a masquerade night the Duke of Norfolk, who was addicted to the bottle, asked Foote what new character he could go in. Foote sentimentally replied, "Go sober."

It is a sad fact, but nevertheless one which every brave man must face, that—  
He that will never look upon an ass  
Must look his door and break his looking-glass.

Whenever you find a man who has nothing to do you will notice that he is equal to the task.

There is no spot on all this earth where a poor mother-in-law can sit down in sweet contentment. Although she never interferes actively with anything she does, her passive intention of making everything go more smoothly, her motives are misunderstood, and the young husband is apt to regard her as a very heavy domestic burden. Those who do their duty always manage to get themselves disliked, and if judged by this standard the mother-in-law is a self-sacrificing person who is doing her duty all the time. It was in Paris that a wretch was arraigned for attempting to dispose of his wife's mother in a very summary way. The judge, who was also a man of experience, said, severely:—"You are accused of an attempt to murder your mother-in-law. What have you to say?" The accused replied, "I have nothing to say, Judge, except that the attempt failed through circumstances over which I had no control."

"Then your punishment," returned the Judge, "shall be still more severe."

The fearful weather from which the Parisians have been suffering for some time has given rise to a great deal of speculation and a great deal of talk. The Duke of Dumas is exciting a smile just now. He said that in 1870, when pictures were very dear, everybody wanted to marry an artist's daughter, and that in 1879 there is an unprecedented demand for the daughters of umbrella makers. There is another story to the same effect, and it aptly illustrates the similarity between French and American humor. A gentleman met his friend recently on the Boulevard and spoke to him. "I beg your pardon," he replied, "but have not the honor of knowing you." "Nevertheless we have met before," said the first gentleman, somewhat piqued at being forgotten. "When was that?" asked number two. "It was on the last fair day," was the reply. "Have you forgotten it?" "Ah, one cannot remember all the incidents of ancient history," was the rejoinder, and he passed on under shelter of a new umbrella.

"THE SALVATION ARMY."  
The extravagances of some well meaning but ill balanced Christian minds often bring religion into ridicule and contempt. They manifest zeal, but not according to knowledge in the work of God. Attention is at present directed in England to a special evangelistic agency introduced by the Rev. Mr. Booth, a minister of the Methodist New Connection. It is an aggressive form of Christianity, the militant propaganda due to a large interpretation of the command to "compel them to come in." This agency is known as "The Salvation Army," and the mode of procedure is remarkable. When it is decided to attack a town a convent building, such as the one at the deserted factory, is selected, and the headquarters of the "army" are established there. The headquarters are not a convent, but a small band of brethren and sisters, or "halcyon ladies" as they are called, are despatched on service. Any open space frequented by the lower class of the population on Sunday morning for the purpose of indulging in dog fighting and similar recreations is pitched upon, the militant band at once commence proceedings by singing hymns, and when they have collected a crowd they begin to sing and pray. The service is very short, as short as ordinary prayer, and always followed by at least two verses of a hymn with a "catching" refrain like "Jesus is my Saviour," and the service is followed by direct personal solicitation, and so soon as a few converts are secured the headquarters are moved to another place, and the process is repeated. The "army" is a very mobile force, and its headquarters are moved from place to place as the "army" advances. The headquarters are not a convent, but a small band of brethren and sisters, or "halcyon ladies" as they are called, are despatched on service. Any open space frequented by the lower class of the population on Sunday morning for the purpose of indulging in dog fighting and similar recreations is pitched upon, the militant band at once commence proceedings by singing hymns, and when they have collected a crowd they begin to sing and pray. The service is very short, as short as ordinary prayer, and always followed by at least two verses of a hymn with a "catching" refrain like "Jesus is my Saviour," and the service is followed by direct personal solicitation, and so soon as a few converts are secured the headquarters are moved to another place, and the process is repeated. The "army" is a very mobile force, and its headquarters are moved from place to place as the "army" advances.

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